Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

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MY BONNIE.

BY MRS. FRANK BEARD.

When laughing May, in her emerald robes,
Has painted the orchards, one by one,
And up through the leaves and tender grass
Flower-faces peep and smile at the sun,

My Bonnie walks down through the meadows,
The violets gaze in surprise,
And hide their shamed heads in the grasses,
For their blue is surpassed by her eyes.

My Bonnie sings up on the hill-side,
My Bonnie sings down in the glen,
And the lark and the nightingale listen
And answer again and again.

When my Bonnie is called up to heaven,
O, what will this dark world be worth?
And what can they make of my Bonnie
Since she was an angel on earth?

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Jack, have a piece of this mince-pie!"

"No, sir; thank you."

"What! Thanksgiving Day, and you say no to mince-pie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes to the pie?"

"No, sir!"

"And your Aunt Hannah made it herself. Mince-pies are like Sam Weller's 'weal-pies'—'Werry good thing is weal-pie when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it a'nt kittens.' Are you afraid it's kittens, Jack, now you know the lady that made it?"

Jack laughed and colored too.

"No, Uncle John; but mamma don't like me to eat mince-pie."

"Manice!" called out Mr. John Boyd across the long, crowded table. A pale, tall woman turned her head and said, "What?"

This sweet, steady face, sad in repose, but full of vivid expression when she spoke, belonged to Jack Boyd's mother. A little widow's cap was tied on over her dark, shining hair; her eyes were lovely, yet she was not a beautiful woman; but the broad, serene forehead, the firm, sweet lips, the general look of health, and peace, and kindliness, made her very pleasant to look at; and Manice Boyd's children thought nobody was like their mother.

"Here's Jack says you wont let him eat mince-pie."

A very bright smile lit the dark eyes.

"I hope Jack wont let himself eat it, Brother John."

"Pshaw! not eat mince-pie Thanksgiving Day?"

"I thought pumpkin-pie was the necessity of to-day," laughed Mrs. Manice Boyd, "and that reminds me, Hannah, what sort of squash do you use for your pies? I never ate any as nice."

This interested Mr. Boyd. Before his wife could answer, he put in his word, for next to his business he loved and understood gardening.

"I'll tell you! Nothing but Hubbard; and if you want some seed I'll give you some, Manice. I save it fresh every year. Give me a Hubbard squash over all others, and Hannah's got some new way of cooking 'em that is the best."

"Yes, I bake 'em instead of stewing," said Mrs. Boyd, and then ensued a long discussion on vegetables which diverted attention from Jack, and by the time that was over the party had finished dinner, and walked into the parlor.

There were five children with the elders, and as children in these days are always considered first, let us inspect them. Mr. John Boyd has one son, Wilson, a rosy boy of eight years old, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and well spoiled. His other child is a delicate little girl, dressed extravagantly, her hair banged and crimped, her red velvet dress adorned with fine lace at throat and wrists, two rings on her tiny fingers, a gold necklet and pendent round her throat, and a general air of consciousness about her that makes her look more like a dwarfed belle than a child of six. Adelaide Agnes Boyd is mistress of this house and family, for her father worships her, and her mother, who had lost two children before Wilson's birth and two since Agnes's, by what she called "mysterious providences"—really mysterious improvidences—has no idea but to please her daughter in every way. Mrs. John Boyd is a fair, fretted-looking woman, perhaps pretty in her youth, but now only a tired housekeeper and parent.

Mrs. Manice Boyd's three children are not of this sort. Anne and Alice, twins, with the Boyd fair hair, grey eyes, and clear, bright complexions, are nice, wholesome girls of ten, in dark blue cashmere dresses, their thick hair curling in short rings, and their faces frank, modest, and agreeable. Jack, his uncle's namesake, is more like his mother, with the same wide brows, deep, dark eyes, and a cleft in his round chin; yet about his mouth there is a trace of genial yielding character that forebodes weakness; his mouth is like his father's, whom he scarcely remembers, for Jack is eight years old, and Walter, his father, went four years ago to California hoping to make a fortune, which he never did make, but only found a grave there one year since.

After the children had gathered about a table in one end of the long parlor to play some game, Mrs. Boyd left the room on a housewifely errand, and Mr. Boyd suddenly recollected the mince-pie. He walked up to his sister-in-law, who stood looking out of the window at the desolate November landscape, and said, in rather a peremptory tone:

"Manice, aren't you making a molly-coddle of your boy?"

"What is a molly-coddle, Brother John?" she said, smiling.

"O, a poor creature that fusses and isn't manly; fidgets about food and such things."

"I hope not," she answered. "I want Jack above all things to be manly, but to be a thorough man he has got to have a sound body as well as a sound mind."

"Just as if mince-pie once a year would hurt him!" sneered Mr. Boyd.

"If it was only once a year. John, you know as well as I do what reason I have to bring Jack up in self-denial."

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Her eyes filled and her voice trembled as she spoke. It was cruelly hard for her, but she knew it must be done. Could not his own brother remember how handsome Walter Boyd had fallen in with a set of gay, godless young men, and totally unable to refuse their invitations or withstand their jeers, had gone steadily downward with them till his business was wrecked, his self-respect shattered, and at last he became bound in the awful chains of a habit that lets no such man go? Did he not know as well as she did that her husband had gone to California because no one in Danvers would or could help so unreliable a fellow into any business? He did *not* know the last and worst story of that facile, kindly, weak life; but she had just come to the knowledge, and when John Boyd interrupted her she was far away in thought, almost beholding the lonely miner's shanty where her husband had died a drunkard's death.

She went on more steadily:

"You know, John, Jack must work for his living; he must learn early to endure and to deny himself. You are kind enough to say you will educate him, but still there is the after-life when he must rely on himself. We have the house, and the five thousand of father's life insurance that was left to me, and yesterday I had a letter from Aunt Sally, offering to bring Aunt Maria and board with me. We have room to spare, and their board will help me along very much, for they will give me the same they pay in Dartford."

Mr. Boyd uttered an exclamation that we need not record.

"I couldn't help it," he said, as Mrs. Manice turned a surprised face toward him. "It's enough to make a deacon swear, Manice, to think of those two old women settling down on you. Why, money can't pay you! If they are my father's aunts, I am able to see what they are: nagging, penurious, hateful old cats. If you must take boarders, why not take somebody that would at any rate be endurable?"

"They are relatives, after all, John, and need care and comfort that their money wont buy, and then I think it is better for the children and better for me to have them in the house than to take strangers in. I want to have a home so far as I can; and if it must be shared with others, I like best to share it with our own people."

"You know their money is only an annuity?"

Manice Boyd colored, bit her lips, and said, with coolness, "I did not expect their money, John; I knew it died with them."

"Well, well, willful will to water! But don't make a Miss Molly of my namesake, Manice. I wish I could do more for you than just pay for his schooling, but you know how it is."

"I think it is very, very kind of you to do that much, John!" she said, her earnest face lighting up as she looked at him. "And remember, Brother John, if ever it should be inconvenient for you to keep him at school, you have promised to let me know."

"Yes, yes, child; but I don't see how it can be. I want him and Will to keep together; to be as near brothers as possible. But don't hold the reins too tight, Manice. Boys want their swing; 'go it while you're young,' you know, 'when you're old you can't.'"

"Perhaps you can't when you're old because you did when you were young!" laughed Mrs. Manice. "But I shall try and do right, John, and I shall have help that never fails the widow and the fatherless."

Mr. Boyd turned away. This was beyond him. He did not profess or pretend to any every-day religion. He belonged to a church, and attended its services; read a chapter in the Bible on Sunday and the two religious papers he took, but he thought religion was not a thing to bring in question every day. It was a good thing, a very good thing for Sunday, and for a dying bed; to live by it as he lived by his business principles was not to be thought of.

But to Mrs. Manice religion was daily bread; but for its strength she would long since have despaired of the life before her. A poor widow with three children needs some anchor to hold by, and she knew where hers lay.

A sort of squabble was going on at the children's table as her conversation with her brother-in-law ceased. Somebody was to blame, but she did not interfere or investigate as most mothers would have done. She only laid her hand on Jack's shoulder, as flushed and angry he was calling Will hard names and Will threatening reprisal.

"Jack, I can trust you to be a gentleman," was all she said.

Jack choked. He looked up at her and across at his cousin. For a minute even his mother doubted what he would do. But after a moment of silent struggle he said,

"'Scuse me, Will; 'twasn't fair to say you cheated!"

"You'd no business to, anyway," retorted Will.

Jack colored again, and looked up at his mother's calm, approving eyes.

"That's so!" he replied, heartily. "Let's play something else now," and in a few minutes the childish faces were eager with delight over Will's new set of story-books which Aunt Manice had asked to see.

That night, after Jack had gone to bed, his mother went in to see him. She always did that, it was the one confidential talk they all longed for. "Mending-time," Jack called it, for it was the hour when all the little troubles, faults, and follies of the day were discussed, smoothed over, forgiven; the time when the childish griefs that we are so apt to ignore or laugh at were all consoled by "mother"—a word that had its fullest and divinest meaning in this Boyd household.

"Mammy," said Jack, "I'm sorry I got mad to-day. But I wanted to 'splain to you that I couldn't take back callin' Will a cheat, for I saw him with my very own eyes hide one of Addie's counters, and it was a real mean trick, for she's too little to count right, and I call it cheatin'!"

"You said all that was needful, Jack; that is, for an apology. But if you hadn't called Will a cheat you would not have had to half-say what you thought, after all. 'Tisn't best, my boy, to say such things, because it only hurts people. It don't ever do them any good."

"But, mammy, mustn't I tell the troof?"

"Always, when you're asked to tell it. But truth is a sacred thing, my Jack; you must not use it to throw at people like a stone. Suppose Will had said to you, 'Now you're just as mad as you can be, Jack Boyd!' would you have liked it?"

"I guess I shouldn't!" said Jack, emphatically.

"But you were very angry, and Will would only have told the truth."

"Yes'm."

"Stick to the golden rule, Jack. Try your ways by that, and they'll go straight."

"But it's awful hard to 'member it always," sighed Jack.

"I know that, Jackymo; it's 'try, try, try again.' And now you think perhaps I might have let you for once eat mince-pie to-day. There was one reason I had that I can't tell you. You must trust mother for that. But there was another almost as strong, Jack. I want you to learn to say 'No.'"

"Ho!" said Jack. "I guess I can say 'No' just as well as any thing. Did you think I couldn't?"

"I mean to say 'No' to yourself when you want to do any thing that is wrong, and to say 'No' to other people when they want you to do such things."

"Is it wicked to eat mince-pie?" he asked, with childish logic.

"It isn't right to do what I don't wish you to do. And I think mince-pie will hurt you in several ways."

"It's lickin' good!" curtly put in Jack.

"So I heard Will telling you. But it isn't good for you, and I want you to grow up a brave, strong man, which you can't do if you do not learn to think and say and feel 'No,' when the right time comes."

Jack looked up at her with tender, sleepy eyes.

"I guess I'll learn it," he said, doubtfully.

His mother never exacted promises from her children. "I'll try" was all she asked of them. A promise was too sacred a thing, in her eyes, to be made for small matters. So

she kissed Jack and went down to the twins, who had an hour later bed-time in consideration of their age. They were busy making cloaks for their dolls, and Mrs. Boyd sat down quietly by the fire, glad of a moment to think what she should say by and by to impress on her boy the strong need of cultivating self-control and self-denial. Could she warn him from his father's sad experience? Never! she said to herself. Nothing could make her darken that dead father's memory in the eyes of his children; yet it was her terror lest his greatest weakness might be lurking in Jack's nature that made her forbid him the pie so strongly flavored with brandy. She could only fortify him with prayer and precept. Let the husband who had so grieved and disappointed her rest in his distant grave. She would not recall him for warning or example. Yet she sighed heavily as she thought how different her life and her children's might have been had Walter Boyd ever learned to say "No."

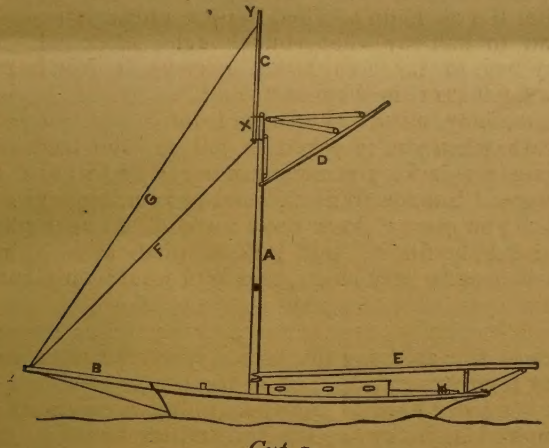
[*To be continued.*]

THE SLOOP VS. THE CUTTER.

BY H. B. ANDERSON.

I. Rig.

This is the first of a series of four papers on the general subject of yachting. With such a broad subject and so little space, what is said, of course, must be very general and the topics touched on few. I have thought it best to take up first the "cutter" and "sloop" for comparison, and for a glance at the respective merits of the two types. And in the first place it is very difficult to say just what the difference is between a "cutter" and a "sloop."

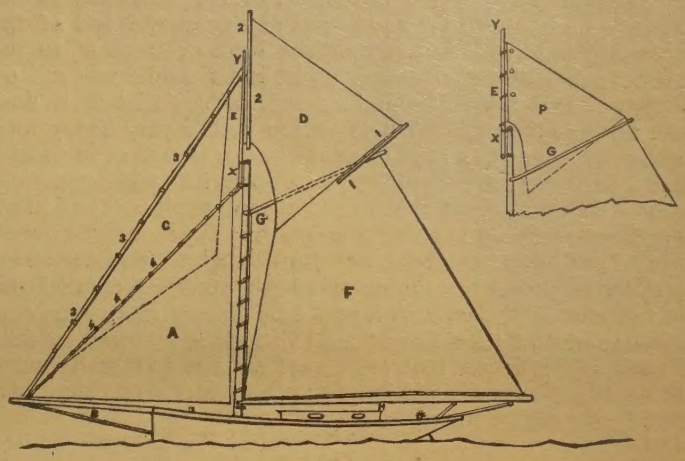


Cut 1.

A—Mast.
B—Bowsprit.
C—Topmast.
D—Gaff.
E—Boom.
F—Jib-stay.
G—Jib-topsail-stay.
X—Mast-head.
Y—Topmast-head.

In order to get at the subject systematically, let us see in what they are alike. A "sloop yacht"—and in this definition I also include a "cutter yacht"—has one mast surmounted by a topmast, and from her stem, or extreme bow, protrudes a spar called a bowsprit. So the general plan of a sloop yacht as to her spars would be as represented in the first cut; the boom and gaff being two spars attached respectively to the bottom and the top of the mainsail, to be described later. But here the resemblance ceases. The shape of the hull, the way in which the sails are cut, the manner of applying the sails to the spars, the number of sails, in fact, is different in the different craft.

Then there is another fact that is important to remember. Many yachtsmen in this country use the rig of a cutter on the hull of a sloop. In fact, many of our yachts, while they have the model of a sloop, in several essential points have the rig of a cutter. This being the case, I shall take up the rig first, then the model. Let us look at the difference in rig then, and after that discover what the reasons are for a difference, and how the advantages are placed.



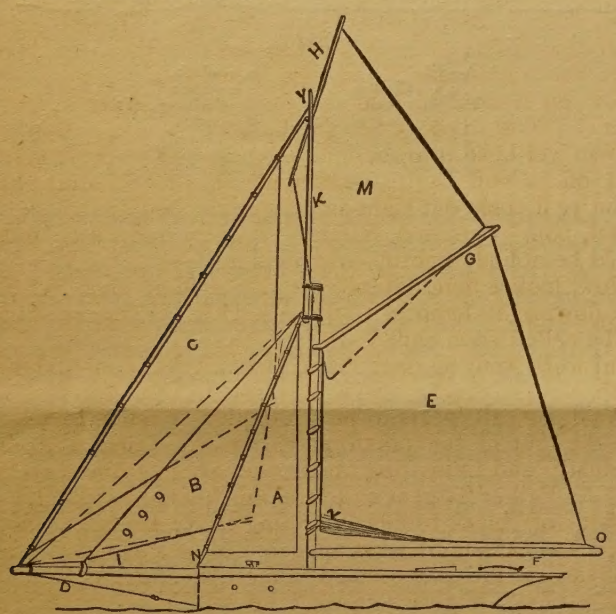
Cut 2.

A—Jib.
4, 4, 4—Jib-stay.
C—Jib-topsail.
3, 3, 3—Jib-topsail stay.
X—Mast-head.
E—Topmast.
Y—Topmast-head.
1, 1—Club.
2, 2—Sprit.
D—Club-topsail
G—Gaff.
H—Boom.
F—Mainsail.
P—Working topsail.

The sloop rig—for we will commence with that as being the American type—is represented in Cut 2. There is a "mainsail" *F*, laced firmly to the "boom" *H* and "gaff" *G*, a "club-topsail" *D*, to which are attached two spars—1, 1, the "club," and 2, 2, the "sprit"—which extend the sail beyond the end of the "gaff" and the "topmast" *E*, thus making it possible to spread a very considerable amount of canvas. In place of this "club-topsail" can be set a smaller topsail *P* without the spars, called a "working topsail," which merely fills in the triangle bounded by the "gaff," "topmast," and a line drawn between the outer ends of "topmast" and "gaff." This "topsail," unlike the other, is fixed to the "topmast" by wooden "hoops" *o*, *o*, *o*, which slide up and down the "topmast." Then there are the "head-sails," as they are called: *A* the "jib" and *C* the "jib-topsail," which run up and down on rings called "hanks," which are strung on ropes called "stays," running from the end of the bowsprit—to the "mast-head" *X* for the jib and the "topmast head" *Y* for the "jib topsail." These sails are taken in by letting them run down on the "bowsprit" and "furling" them, that is, rolling them up and tying them along that spar. The "topsails" are taken in in different ways, the "club-topsail" by lowering it down on deck and the "working-topsail" by hauling it up in a little wad at the mast-head by means of a rope called the "clew-line," which runs around the outside edge of the sail through rings secured there for that purpose. The mainsail is lowered down on deck when taken in. The "top-mast" on a sloop is very much shorter than the mast, and is designed to be stationary, being firmly fixed to the mast. And the bowsprit is also stationary, being firmly fixed to the stem.

In the "cutter," Cut 3, we still have the mainsail *E*, in general shape the same, but with less hoist or perpendicular dimension and more breadth proportionally. And while it is firmly laced to the "gaff" *G*, yet it is fastened to the boom *F* only at the leech *O*, the tack 2 being loose and rigged so that it can be "triced up" or elevated from the boom a foot or two. The topmast *K*, a very much longer spar proportionally to the length of mast, which is shorter than in a sloop of same size, is so rigged that in bad weather it can be made to slide down beside the mast through steel bands at the "mast-head." The "topsail" *M* is what is called a "square-headed topsail," having a spar *H* at its head at a considerable angle to the mast, bringing a good portion of the sail forward of the mast. As for the rest of it it extends out as in the sloop to

the extremity of the gaff. It is taken in like the club topsail of a sloop, to which sail, in fact, it is quite similar. Then as to the head-sails, the cutter carries a fore-staysail, or inner jib *A*, a sail which is secured in the same way as the jib on a sloop, but the "stay" runs not from the end of the bowsprit, but from the end of the boat, or stem *N*, to the mast-head. The jib, or outer jib *B*, is set unlike any sail on a sloop, for it is set "flying," as it is called; that is, it does not run on a "stay," but being made with a very heavy rope along its edge 9, 9, 9, it is made fast at *I* and at the mast-head, and stretched very tight by a powerful tackle, generally consisting of an iron block, or pulley, and chain. The fastening place *I* is unique also, for it is a ring which may be pulled in and out on the bowsprit *D*. So that while, when in position shown, it holds a rather small jib, yet when hauled out to full end of "bowsprit" it will hold a very large one, corresponding to dotted lines. And when it is required to take in this sail, it is not lowered down on bowsprit and furled there, but the ring is slid in and the sail unhooked and carried below out of the way.



Cut 3.

H—Topsail yard.
Y—Topmast-head.
K—Topmast.
G—Gaff.
E—Mainsail.
O—Leech.
F—Boom.
2—Tack.
A—Foresail or fore-staysail.
N—Stem.
B—Jib.
D—Bowsprit.
C—Jib-topsail.

But there is still one of the most characteristic features of the cutter rig to describe—the bowsprit. For, unlike that of the sloop, the cutter's is so rigged that while as long as the "jib" and "jib-topsail" are required it may be thrust way out, as seen in cut, yet in bad weather, when these sails are not used, it may, like the "topmast," be "housed" or run way in.

Such, then, being the chief differences in rig, let us see what advantages each has over the other. The cutter-rig is at its best in cruising in exposed and windy regions where it is essential on rough, squally days to "snug down," or do away with all extra weight of spars and sails. And so let us suppose a sloop and cutter under full sail out "off shore," with a stormy, threatening sky and the wind rising. Those in charge of the sloop will "send down," that is, take in the club-topsail and the jib-topsail, and set in place of the club-topsail the working topsail, and if she is a good stiff sloop she will continue with this even after the cutter has sent down her topsail and taken in her jib-topsail.

But the wind and sea increase, and the thick bank of clouds coming up evidently means business. So the sloop "clews" up her working topsail, "reefs" her jib and her mainsail, and stows every thing as snug as possible. But there is her great bowsprit thrashing into every wave, and the reefed jib going under at each plunge and throwing about great quantities of water as it is suddenly lifted in the air; all this straining and shaking the boat, and retarding her at every step. Her topsail, too, is furled to the long spar up aloft, and with it waves about and increases her tendency to plunge into each succeeding wave. But how is the cutter faring? While the sloop was reefing jib and mainsail, she has "housed," or slid her topmast down until only two or three feet of it project above the "mast-head," drawn in her bowsprit, unhooked the jib and sent it below; and, so relieved of these long spars, and with sail reduced to staysail and reefed mainsail, she runs along as smoothly and easily as one would wish, in pleasant contrast to the labored progress of the sloop.

But to be able to do all this, the cutter must have rigging very complicated and cumbersome, and a mass of ropes and tackles about decks, to handle which necessitates a large and skillful crew; while the sloop, from her simplicity of rig, needs but a light and easily handled system for the working of her sails. So where light winds prevail, and on the approach of bad weather a port may be had near at hand and easy of access, there is no need for such a rig as the cutter; while where the winds are heavy, the coast exposed, and the harbors far apart and hard to get to on a coming storm, thus making it quite probable that bad weather will have to be faced and ridden out, the cutter-rig is probably the best.

Now from these considerations it is at once plain that as on our coast the former conditions are almost universally present, the sloop-rig should be the favorite, while in England, where the opposite is true, the cutter-rig should be that universally adopted.

The advocates of the sloop-rig lay great stress upon the fact that one large jib will hold more wind and produce better speed results than the cutter system of splitting it up into two separate sails. This, however, is by no means a settled fact, and I think it may be safely said that on all large sloops the "double head-rig," as it called, or cutter system, makes up for what little is lost in that respect—very little in my opinion—by two very great advantages: First, the matter of reducing sail is made so much more satisfactory, for a reefed jib will by no means do as good work as a smaller jib substituted bodily for it; and, second, when it is desired the head sails can be removed entirely from the bowsprit, and thus the spar, when thrashing up and down in the water, may be left entirely clear. But as to the sliding bowsprit the same cannot be said, for that is a very cumbersome and complicated arrangement, and, in our waters at least, the advantages to be gained by its use by no means compensate for the extra room it takes up, and the additional bother it entails.

The housing or sliding topmast is probably a better style of rig than the stationary, for this reason, that where the topmast can be slid down, and the strain on the mast in bad weather consequently eased, a much longer spar can be used, and then the lower mast, and consequently the mainsail, can be made shorter, making a much snugger rig in bad weather, a possibility which will often obviate the necessity of reefing. As to the method of fastening the mainsail to the boom described in connection with the cutter-rig, I have never been able to see that any thing could be said in its favor as compared with the American way.

It is interesting to remember in connection with the above that the *Puritan* has the double head-rig and the housing topmast—the very best features of the cutter-rig. She, however, has a stationary bowsprit, and her mainsail is fastened to the boom in true sloop fashion, and these two may be said to be the best features of the sloop-rig.

THE DEAD SEA.—German geologists estimate that the Dead Sea will be a mass of solid salt a thousand years hence.

AT REST.

THEY lie at rest, our blessed dead:
The dews drop cool above their head;
They knew not when sweet summer fled.

Together all, yet each alone!
Each laid at rest beneath his own
Smooth turf or white allotted stone.

When shall our slumber sink so deep,
And eyes that wept and eyes that weep
Weep not in the sufficient sleep?

—*Christina Rossetti.*

"DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR!"

BY WM. STODDART.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."—*Scott.*

IN the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, near what was then known as Bedford Corners, Long Island, stood an old-fashioned, broad-porched farm-house. Great oaks interlaced their boughs above it, and sheltered it from the heat of the sun; while a ridge of distant hills, faintly outlined against the sky, formed a background for it as it nestled under the oaks. It was a quiet, home-like little place, whose every surrounding breathed contentment and repose.

This was the home of Nathan Sargent, an honest Long Island farmer. Here he and his good wife had lived almost from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Here Hiram, their only child, a youth of eighteen, was born and bred. And here, "God willing," as Mother Sargent used piously to remark, they all hoped to die and be buried.

The year 1776 was one big with fate for the American Republic. On the Fourth of July of that year, as we all know, the colonies had placed themselves upon a platform of human rights, and declared themselves an independent nation. Very naturally Great Britain objected to such a course. She wished a reconsideration of the question; and so she sent her armies across "the big pond" to see that due respect was paid to her wishes. The spirit of the Monroe Doctrine seems to have been implanted in the American breast long before that famous doctrine was formulated. Therefore it was that the armies of Great Britain and America faced each other on this peaceful summer morning. And as the field of battle was but a few miles from the home of the Sargents, the "cannon's opening roar" caused quite a stir in that usually quiet little circle.

At the time of the opening of our story Mother Sargent sat upon the porch of the farm-house fanning herself industriously with her long gingham apron, and looking contentedly around at the possessions with which the Lord had blessed her. The morning was intensely warm—the air trembling with the heat; yet every thing was astir and full of life. Great turkeys strutted contentedly around the yard. Butterflies flitted from bush to bush, and bees buzzed busily around the flower-beds. The cackling of hens and the crowing of cocks mingled with the hum and buzz of the insects. Birds sang to one another as they hopped from branch to branch of their leafy homes; and the trees nodded their heads and rustled their leaves in approval of the song of their feathered tenants.

What wonder that the good woman, as she looked on this peaceful scene, should thank God that her husband and son were away from that scene of bloodshed and strife whose sounds came faintly to her on the breeze!

Hiram and his father had been at work since day-break weeding the potato patch. To say that the day was warm would scarcely do justice to their feelings.

"Land, this *is* a roaster, pop, an' no mistake!" growled Hiram, mopping a small river of perspiration trickling down his face.

"Waal, it *is* purty lively, that's the truth," said the father, stopping his work to fan himself with his battered straw hat. "I reckon we haint had a day like this nigh onto five years."

And to work they went on the weeds again, to the music of the rustling corn and the booming of the distant cannon.

"Purty good scrimmage that over thar, pop," again interrupted Hiram, as he brushed away the dirt from the knees of his homespun trousers.

"Right smart, I reckon. Hotter over thar than here," said the old farmer, grimly. "Waal, waal, what critters men are, to be sure—never content 'cept they're a-flyin' in the face o' the A'mighty! Thank God, boy, ye're not thar!"

"Waal, I don't know about that, pop," argued Hiram. "I don't jist see what a feller's good for who's got to feed cattle an' hoe corn an' pull weeds all his life," and he crunched a weed in his hand as though it was the head of an enemy. "Now, those soldier chaps see life, *they* do. They've nothin' to do but wear fine clothes an' fight. An' then they've a chance to win honor an' make a name for themselves. An'—"

"An' git a dose o' lead for their pains," interrupted his father. "Now, boy, take yer father's advice. Don't go a-shovin' yer head into the lion's mouth. Ef ye do ye may git it bit off. 'Nuff said. Be content an' do yer duty, an' I reckon ye'll come out right-side up in the end."

"But, pop," persisted Hiram, "ef every body was content there'd be nobody fightin' over yender."

"Now, lookee here, Hiram, jist you shet up that fool talk. It's a downright temptin' o' the A'mighty. Ef ye're wanted ye'll be called soon enuf."

And work went on once more, Hiram grumbling under his breath,

"Waal, *my* call 'pears to be a long time a-comin'!"

At the foot of the potato patch ran the Jamaica Road—hot, dusty, and uninviting under the glare of the scorching sun. As Father Sargent rose from his knees to shake his fist at a flock of "black robbers" circling above his head, his attention was caught by what appeared to be a cloud rising at a point where the road seemed to meet the horizon.

"Now, that's mighty cur'ous," he said, rubbing his eyes; "thar aint no sign o' a sturm, fur as I kin see," and he shaded his eyes with his hands and looked intently down the road. "Bless me, but my eyes *are* gettin' poor, an' no mistake. But it's reg'lar—we're gettin' old. Thar aint none o' us kin escape that. Hiram! Hiram, lad! Come here!"

Hiram, feeling a little hurt by his late rebuff, rose sulkily from his knees, stretched himself, yawned, and finally slouched over to where his father was standing.

"Yer eyes are younger than mine, Hiram; look yender—down the road toward Blam's."

Hiram obediently looked in the direction indicated.

"'Pears to be a thunder-cloud down that way!" he said, without betraying the slightest trace of human interest in the subject.

"'*Taint* no thunder-cloud—that's sartin!" this positively. "I kin see that much myself, poor as my eyes are."

Hiram, nettled by this answer, leaned forward and shaded his eyes with his hands. Suddenly he started; for what at first sight seemed a thunder-cloud was a cloud of dust; and flashing through it came the gleam of scarlet and of polished steel.

"Ye're right, pop, ye're right!" he cried. "'Taint a cloud, sure enuf; it's red-coats—red-coats!"

"Ay, lad? I thought as much. They've sarcumvented old Put., sure's yer born! Waal, I don't see 's we kin help it."

Hiram sprang to where his old musket stood leaning against the fence. To pick it up, examine the priming, and throw his powder-pouch across his shoulder was the work of a moment.

"Gently, gently, lad," said his father, laying his hand on

his arm. "What're ye goin' to do. Ye aint thinkin' o' fightin' a hull army single-handed, be ye?"

"No, pop, I aint. But I am a-thinkin' o' ridin' to Put. to warn him of the danger."

"Mebbe ye're right, boy, mebbe ye're right. I'm old bones, an' o' no use. Yaas, I reckon ye're right. Only don't ye go a-runnin' into no danger."

"Hurrah!" cried Hiram, excitedly. "Mother!" he shouted to the quiet little figure on the porch, "mother! I'm goin' over yender—to the war!"

"Make haste, lad, make haste! Take Dobbin. Don't mind bridle or saddle. Ride! Ride for your life! And come straight back when you're through, d'ye hear? God bless ye, boy, an' keep ye!"

"All right, pop; good-bye," he cried, cheerily, clearing the fence at a bound, and waving his hand to his mother, who thought he had suddenly become crazy.

In a moment Dobbin was untied. In another moment Hiram, riding bareback and with a rope for reins, dashed down the field. A heavy oak gate stood between him and the road. He raised Dobbin at it, cleared it with a flying leap, and landed safely on the other side.

"Forward, Dobbin, old boy!" he cried to the horse as he headed him down the road.

Glancing back over his shoulder he sees the British advance is close upon him, and that a half-dozen of troopers have been detached from the main body, and are riding furiously after him. Can Dobbin hold his own against the trained horses of the troopers?

"Faster, Dobbin, faster!" and he pats the horse's neck as he urges him forward. The pace is a hot one. The fences seem to be flying past. Yet the hoof-beats of his pursuers become painfully more distinct every moment. Round the turnpike he dashes in a cloud of dust. His hoofs thunder over the rickety bridge by the mill. Another mile and he is safe. But Dobbin begins to show signs of fatigue.

"Good Dobbin, good horse!" he whispers into the horse's ear, "don't fail me now!"

The noise of the battle becomes louder and louder. It drowns the hoof-beats of his pursuers. He glances back once more. The foremost dragoon is not a hundred yards behind him. He has dropped his reins, and, with his carbine pressed to his side, is only waiting to get nearer before risking his shot.

"It's his life or mine!" thought Hiram; and quick as the thought his old musket is unslung and fired. The dragoon's carbine drops from his hand, and his arm falls helpless by his side. At the same moment Dobbin falls to his knees, throwing Hiram, musket and all, over his head into the road.

It did not take Hiram many seconds to regain his feet. It did not take him any time to recognize the fact that Dobbin had to take care of himself. Picking up his musket he jumped into the thick brush that lined the road. Dodging from tree to tree he was soon out of sight of his pursuers, who contented themselves by firing a few stray shots harmlessly after him; after which they rode slowly back to rejoin their command.

"Waal, this *is* a purty kettle o' fish," thought Hiram, ruefully contemplating his dusty clothes as he rammed home another charge into his musket. "I suppose I ought to go home now. Pop said I should. And I can't do eny good by goin' on. The Britishers will be thar before me, and I ought to look after Dobbin. But I reckon I proved to-day I could handle a musket as well as the next one." For several moments he stood thus, undecided which way to turn.

"Father wont care ef I only go and look on for a while," he said, finally; and stifling the voice of conscience with this thought, he pushed forward in the direction of the battle.

An hour's hard work fighting his way through the tangled underbrush at length brought him to the rear of Putnam's position. A little brook murmured musically at his feet. About a quarter of a mile above the spot where he was standing the brook was spanned by a small wooden bridge, over which Hiram saw the British column rapidly crossing. To the left the battle was raging in all its fury. But nothing could be seen of it for the heavy smoke that hid every thing from view. The American general had too late received notice of the approach of a new force of the enemy in his rear, and was desperately endeavoring to retrieve the fatal error of not having guarded the passes. Hiram reached the other side of the brook by springing from stone to stone. Just as he reached the opposite bank a small battery of field guns dashed madly past him to occupy a hill commanding the road along which the British were advancing. How recklessly they advanced! the drivers lashing their horses and shouting at them as they urged them forward. Every nerve of Hiram's body quivered at the sight. The guns fairly leaped from the ground as the wheels struck the stumps and stones. But not a man lost his seat; and away they dashed in a cloud of dust, leaving Hiram, half stunned by the noise, staring open-mouthed after them.

"Waal, I swan!" was all he could say.

Close upon the heels of the battery came a regiment of infantry on the double-quick to support the guns. With a loud "Hurrah!" they began the ascent of the hill.

"Come along, lad, come along!" cried a white-haired veteran as he passed.

"Art waiting for flies?" laughed another, as he looked at Hiram's open mouth.

"Come, lad, forward!" cried a third, seizing him by the arm. "Ye've a gun in your fist, let's see ef ye're man enuf to use it."

Hiram, scarcely knowing whether he was standing on his head or feet, threw himself into the ranks. Father, mother, home—every thing was forgotten in the wild excitement around him.

"Hurrah!" he cried, as lustily as the rest, as he shouldered his musket and pressed eagerly forward.

Up the hill he struggled, the perspiration streaming down his face. At length the top was reached, and Hiram was not among the last to get there.

"Well done, lad, well done!" said the white-haired veteran; "ye'r of the stuff that heroes are made of," and a murmur of approval ran through the ranks.

Hiram, blushing at the praise, lay down behind the guns with the rest. What a strange scene it was. How different from the quiet peacefulness of the farm!

Below in the road the British line of attack was already formed. Steadily they commenced the ascent of the hill—a long line of red "tipped with steel." At the same moment a cloud of smoke, through which leaped a tongue of flame, issued from one of the guns behind which Hiram was lying, and away sped a ball on its message of destruction. All eyes watched the result of the shot. It bored a tunnel through the even ranks; but the gap closed up and the line came on as unbroken as before.

"How grandly they come on," thought Hiram. "This is indeed life. I'll no longer be a farm drudge. I'll win a name and fame. I'll show pop what I can do." And his eyes glistened and his hands clutched his musket with a firmer grasp.

The scene was, indeed, a fearful one. The cannons were worked till they danced on the ground. The thick heavy smoke settled down over every thing, hiding the advancing enemy from view. Nothing relieved the somber darkness but the rapid flashes of the guns. Hiram's courage began to fail him. Around him men lay grimly silent, grasping their muskets and looking forward into the blackness—trying to see through the smoke.

"The farm wasn't such a bad place after all," thought Hiram. But pride came to his aid and sustained his wavering courage. He could not show the white feather before those who had so lately praised him. He was there for good now, whatever the result. Still his thoughts would turn to the little farm-house where his father and mother were waiting his return.

The cheers of the British as they mounted the hill were now heard above the roar of the cannon.

"Steady, lads, steady! Hold your fire!" comes warningly from the officers. Suddenly the blackness seems tinged with red. "Fire!" comes the ringing command. Every man leaped to his feet; every musket was fired point blank at that red tinge. It melted again into the blackness. But, as if by magic, it reappeared; and with a loud yell the British regulars were over the guns. A hand-to-hand struggle took place. The Americans, lacking the discipline of their opponents, gave way. Some cut their way through; most died where they stood. The battle of Long Island was lost.

That night the rays of the August moon, shining peacefully on this scene of bloodshed, fell on the white, dead face of Hiram Sargent. And quietly they stole into the windows of a little farm-house on a distant hill, where a father and mother knelt and prayed for the return of one who would return to them—no more.

THE MOON IN ROMANCE AND REALITY.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

To most people the moon is the most interesting of the heavenly bodies. Its soft, silvery light, the curious changes in its appearance, and the mystery which despite the discoveries of science still veils its nature and influence, give to the moon a peculiar charm. History and romance have increased the interest with which this luminary is regarded by intelligent people. The wonder that it has excited in past ages, and the superstition which is still associated with it, make the moon a most fascinating object.

Every child has had the man in the moon pointed out to it, and has wondered what the old fellow does in that far-off sphere. There are traditions among various peoples that the man was placed in the moon as a punishment, but accounts differ as to the nature of his offense. Among English and German nurses the story is that he was sent there for gathering sticks on Sunday. According to one account he was given the choice of burning in the sun or of freezing in the moon, and in winter nights it is easy to think of him as in a constant shiver. Other stories represent that a man and a woman stand in the moon, the man being punished for strewing brambles and thorns in the path of people going to church, and the woman for making butter on Sunday. In France there is a superstition that the man in the moon is Judas Iscariot, who was sent to the cold satellite for his treachery. The Italian poet Dante represents the man in the moon as Cain bearing a bundle of thorns which, according to the popular belief, he offered to the Lord as the cheapest gift from the field. Shakespeare, in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," also represents the man in the moon with a bush of thorns.

The spots on the moon, which a lively fancy can turn into the figures of human beings or animals, are viewed differently by different peoples. It is a popular belief in Sweden that two children going from a well with a pole and bucket on their shoulders were placed in the moon so that they could be seen from the earth. The names of these children correspond to the Jack and Jill of the English nursery rhyme, and the fall of one after the other represents the disappearance of the moon-spots as the moon wanes. In fact, these old Norse names mean the waxing and waning of the moon, and the water carried by the children shows that the rain-fall is dependent upon its changes. In course of time the girl vanished from the fable, the boy grew into an old man who was regarded as a thief, or Sabbath-breaker, and his bucket was transformed into the sticks he had stolen or gathered in violation of law. Two other stories among peoples living widely apart give a similar origin to the man in the moon. A tribe of Indians in British Columbia have a tradition that the child of a chief cried at night for water, and as its mother did not heed its appeal, the moon came down and brought the drink, and then enticed the child up into heaven. The figure which these Indians now see in the moon is believed to be that very child, with the basket which it had in its hand when it went to sleep. According to a New Zealand tradition, a native named Rona went out one dark night to fetch some water from the well. He fell down and sprained his ankle so that he could not return home. While he was crying in pain he was terrified to see the moon, which had just become visible, descending toward him. He grasped a tree for safety, but it gave way and fell with him upon the moon, where he still remains. In Asia and Africa a hare or rabbit takes the place of the man in the moon in popular superstition, while some American Indians see a toad in the silvery planet.

As the moon is much the nearest to us of all the heavenly bodies, the question whether it is inhabited has excited great interest. Its distance from the earth being only 240,000 miles, it has been thought that a telescope could be constructed which would show if creatures as large as human beings were living there. But as no instrument has been invented powerful enough for this purpose, or even to bring to view large buildings if there are any in the moon, astronomers have been obliged to depend upon other means of judging whether it is inhabited. From the fact that the moon has no atmosphere like that of the earth, or any water, they generally agree that animals with blood in their veins could not exist there. As the lunar day is as long as twenty-nine and a half of ours, there are nearly fourteen days when the sun is not visible, and the same number when it is. Intense heat and extreme cold must result from these long periods of light and darkness, and any creature which could endure such changes would be different from human beings. Three modern German astronomers, however, think that the moon is inhabited by rational creatures, and one, Dr. Gruithuisen, of Munich, declares that he has seen through his large telescope great artificial works erected by the inhabitants, which he regards as a system of fortifications thrown up by regular engineers. But this idea shows that even scientific men sometimes mistake fancy for fact. The moon is regarded by most modern astronomers as a barren waste, and Prof. Newcomb, of Washington, holds that in consequence of the absence of an atmosphere little or no change takes place in it. As there is nothing to produce decay there, he says that "a marble building erected upon the surface of the moon would remain century after century just as it was left."

Athough the moon is feminine in the English, French, and Italian languages, in the speech of northern Europe it is masculine. In fact, the Anglo-Saxon word *mōna* makes the moon a male, and the change in the English meaning was due to the influence of Latin and Greek. In Germany, until recent days, the moon was masculine and the sun feminine. The old mythology generally represents the moon as a male deity. It was worshiped at a very early period, probably earlier than the sun, and by some tribes it is considered a superior god to the sun. Among the Assyrians the moon was thought to be older than the sun, because as chaos came before order, so night preceded day, and the moon was enthroned as the night-king. Sin, the Assyrian name of the moon, is the same as Sinai, the mountain so famous in the history of the Hebrew religion, which was consecrated to the lunar deity.

The Turks inherited their devotion to the moon from the Saracens, and made the crescent their religious emblem. According to tradition, the Sultan Othman saw in a vision a crescent moon which kept increasing till its horns extended from east to west. The crescent seen in his dream he adopted as a standard for his broadening sovereignty. Moon worship still exists in China, where various festivals commemorate the various phrases of the silvery planet. The Japanese also have sacred festivals at the changes of the moon. In some parts of England old gentlemen still touch their hats and devout young girls still courtesy to the new moon as a reminder of old-time worship. Among the Indians of North

and South America the lunar orb is worshiped as in the days before the white man came to unsettle their belief in their gods.

Superstitions about the moon not only exist among uncivilized peoples, but linger in England and other European countries. Eclipses which shut out from view a part or the whole of the surface of the moon toward the earth excite an alarm proportioned to the ignorance of the observers. In China an eclipse is thought to be caused by dragons trying to devour the sun and moon. Drums and brass kettles are beaten to make the monsters give up their prey. Although most of the mandarins know that they can do nothing to prevent the eclipse, they humor the fears of the common people whom, as government officers, it is for their interest to keep in ignorance. The imperial astronomers of Peking give notice of the time when an eclipse will occur so that the officials in the provinces can make arrangements to save the sun or moon in due season. Among the Hindus to-day an eclipse of these luminaries is believed to be caused by a giant seizing and trying to swallow them. It is a poetical belief with some tribes of American Indians that the moon in eclipse is hunted by huge dogs which catch and tear her till her soft light is reddened, and at last put out by the blood flowing from her wounds. Even the intellectual Greeks thought for a long time that the moon was bewitched, and that the magicians made it descend from heaven to put an evil spirit into the herbs. An English traveler in Borneo, early in the last century, hearing frightful noises in the streets of a city as he was going to bed, supposed that it was being surprised by the rebels. On asking his fat old landlord, who stood at the door raving like a madman, what was the cause of the disturbance, the terrified host pointed up to the heavens and said, "*Look there; see the devil is eating up the moon.*" The traveler was rejoiced to see that nothing more serious than an eclipse of the moon was taking place.

In the Constantinople "Messenger," of December 23, 1880, a striking instance is given of the hold which superstition has in the Turkish empire. A Syrian church dignitary, representing the patriarch at the court of the Sultan, was in his abode at St. Peter's Monastery, Galata, on the evening of the last eclipse of the moon. Suddenly he heard a great noise outside, evidently caused by the firing of revolvers and other pistols. Opening the window he saw by the appearance of the heavens that an eclipse of the moon was taking place. Being an Oriental he at once knew why the fire-arms were being discharged, and therefore withdrew his head from the window. He had hardly done so when a ball shivered the glass to atoms. As he rose from his seat he saw the bullet on the floor of his room which would probably have killed him had he remained a moment longer at the window. The bullet had been fired from the yard of a mosque to frighten the dragon or bear which, according to Oriental superstition, was bent on devouring the moon at its eclipse.

Some superstitions about the moon are curiously connected with its natural influence. As the rise and fall of the tides are partly caused by lunar attraction, the belief grew that the births of human beings occurred when the tide was about high, and the deaths when it was very low. This superstition, which is still common along the east coast of England, is pathetically used by Dickens in his account of the death of poor old Barkis in "David Copperfield." The word lunatic, from the Latin *luna*, the moon, which is another name for an insane person, preserves the old-time belief that the moon had an evil influence on the human system. There is a superstition that the moon's power over the fortunes of men and women depends on its different phases or appearances. Thus vigor and long life belong to persons born during the full moon, while the waning moon makes people sickly and feeble. The new moon is esteemed for its power to give to maidens who address it on its first appearance visions of their future husbands in their dreams. But it is thought unlucky to look at the new moon for the first time through a glass, and throughout the British islands it is a sign of bad luck to have no silver in the pocket when gazing at the silvery orb. A common mistake among intelligent people is that the moon affects the weather. Prof. Newcomb, the eminent American astronomer, says that "neither in the reasons of the case, nor in observations, do we find any real support for such a theory." There is so much that is interesting in what has well been called "Moon Lore," that it is especially important not to confuse its facts with its fancies.

THE THEORY OF CYCLONES.

In the United States cyclones are most numerous in Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois. It was the old theory that these terrific storms were due to electricity, but it is now known that they owe their origin to heat, gravity, and the earth's rotation. When the air is at rest it is normally heaviest and warmest next to the earth's surface—warmest because it gets most of its heat by contact with, or radiation from, the warm earth; and heaviest because it is compacted by all the superincumbent air, and because the earth's attraction pulls it downward with more force at the surface than when it is farther off.

Now, if this lower air gets heated at any point sufficiently to overcome its gravity it will rise, and when a column of rising air is thus established, the surrounding cooler air rushes in to take its place, meets the ascending column at right angles, and acquires in consequence a rotary motion. This rotary motion will be most violent toward the center, in accordance with the well-known law that when a whirling body is drawn toward the center, around which it swings, its velocity of rotation will increase as much as its radius of rotation decreases.

The centrifugal force of the whirling column is least, on account of friction, next to the surface of the earth. At the bottom, therefore, the air rushes in with special fury to fill the partial vacuum in the center of the column, and this inward rushing air constitutes the destructive surface-blast of the cyclone. The surface-blast catches up objects in its path and carries them to the center, where they follow the up-draught of air and its outflow above until they are thrown laterally out of the power of the ascending current and fall to the ground. The strength of the wind is sometimes so great as to drive nails head first firmly into planks, or shoot a corn-stalk partly through a door. A cyclone is accompanied by rain, which usually falls at some distance from its wind center. The warm surface air, which rises in the center of the cyclone, cools as it rises through the double action of expansion and convection; as it cools its moisture is condensed, and rain falls from it as it flows outward above.

The rotation of the earth must be added to the forces of heat and gravity fully to account for cyclones. "There is," says Prof. Davis, "a force rising from the earth's rotation that tends to deflect all motions in the northern hemisphere to the right, and in the southern to the left. To this force, which accounts for the oblique direction of the trade-winds, we must ascribe the fact that cyclones in the northern hemisphere always turn from right to left, while the reverse is the case in the southern hemisphere. In addition to its rotation the cyclone has a progressive motion along the surface of the earth which is chiefly determined by the general winds of the section, and especially by the stronger and less variable upper currents. It has often been noticed that closed houses in the path of a cyclone have their windows and doors blown outward, while their roofs are carried up in the air. This explosive effect is caused by the partial vacuum which follows the swift passage of the cyclone and the sudden expansion of the denser air within the buildings as the outside pressure is diminished."

There is no greater bugbear than a strong-willed relative in the circle of his own connections.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

THE "Scottish-American Journal" tells the following story. No comment is necessary:

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant, complacently—he had risen from such a glorious good dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

"O, please, sir, may I do some work for you?"

"Do some work for me, eh? Why, you can't look over the counter."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I'm very small of my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't any body but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and—I—have—not—had—any—any breakfast, sir."

The voice again hesitated, and the tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a beefsteak, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head.

"Mother wont let me beg, sir," was the simple answer.

"Ah, you don't say. But you are a plucky little fellow anyhow. Let me see," and he puckered up his mouth and looked thoughtful. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk. "Is Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here is a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly; then he put his pen behind his ear; then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"O, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name and run home and tell your mother you have got a place at four dollars a week. Here's a dollar in advance."

"Work, sir; work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of the shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it, mother? I'm took. I'm a cash boy! Don't you know when they take parcels and clerks call 'Cash?' Well, I'm that. Four dollars a week. And the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast, and don't you ever cry again, for I am the man of the house now."

The house was only a little ten by fifteen room. But how those little blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded, then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look as she took him in her arms and hugged him, kissed him, and the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness.

SELLING LEMON-DROPS.

A YOUNG lemon-drop merchant on one of the railroads running out of New York is noted for the success which attends his business. He enters the car by the front door and opening a package of his wares walks slowly down the aisle shouting in a high-keyed sing-song tone something like this: "Extra sour lemonade drops! Made of pure barley sugar and the unadulterated juice of the lemon. Samples all free, as the sample always should be; try them before you buy them. A valuable little gift in each and every package; finger-rings, key-rings, collar-buttons, etc." True to his word he politely offers a sample to every passenger, and who of us Americans is so much above his fellows that he will refuse a gift which costs him nothing? In another moment the little merchant returns through the car, and the passengers rolling the sweet sample under their tongues and realizing that the drops are really good purchase freely. The "Chicago News" reports another trick of the same trade:

"I tell you wot it is, it pays ter study human natur'," remarked a little grizzly man, who was standing on Madison street near the bridge. On either side of him, about ten feet distant, was a pail with lemon-drops heaped on the top.

"Which is your stand?" inquired his auditor.

The little man paused and cast a withering look of scorn at the questioner.

"I owns 'em both, young man. That's my scheme. It pays ter study human natur'. See that man," said the little old man, lowering his voice. "Watch him now."

The man indicated was just passing the first pail of lemon-drops.

"Lemo! Lemo!" shrilly shouted the little man. "Warranted to cure coughs and colds. Only five cents, a half-dime."

The stranger as he passed the first outpost of lemon-drops, looked at them in a scared way out of the corners of his eyes. He seemed torn by contending emotions. He faltered for an instant, and seemed on the point of stopping and turning back. Then, as if fighting the temptation away, he passed on.

"Watch him," whispered the little old man.

The stranger walked by with a firm tread and a determined look on his face. When he came to the second relay of lemon-drops he stopped. He almost staggered; a look of resignation swept over his face, and, jamming his hand down into his pocket, he halted before the lemon-drops.

The little old man was already on hand to wait upon him. When the customer had departed, munching his lemon-drops, the little gray-tipped old man gave vent to a hoarse chuckle.

"They're all alike," he said. "They see the first lot of lemon-drops, and get past afore they has made up their minds. Then they hate to turn back, and that decides the case against me. Now, I put this other pail o' juicy drops up here, and along they comes just while their mouths is a-waterin' from the siget o' the other lemon-drops. Most men can resist one temptation, but precious few kin stan' two in rapid succession. I've doubled my profits since I begun studyin' human natur'."

A TALKING MACHINE.

WHAT practical use could be found for a talking machine is an open question; but as a curious proof of human ingenuity the apparatus described below is unique:

The apparatus, which was mounted on a gilt table, was suggestive of a combined typewriter and blacksmith's forge. The vital parts of the mechanism consisted of a bellows representing the human lungs, an artificial larynx with the regular number of vocal chords, a miniature windmill which gave out the trilling "r" sound so dear to the Scotch heart, a mouth, tongue, and flexible under-jaw with particularly coarse, uninviting, and decidedly sticky lips of dark India rubber, and an upturned coil of rubber tubing which, through some unexplained freak of nature, did duty for a nose, though situated several inches below the mouth. An ingenious metallic mechanism situated at the back of the mouth responded to the key-board worked by the professor's wife, by manufacturing sounds supposed to represent words spoken by the professor. The letters represented on the key-board were A, O, U, I, E, L, R, W, F, S, Sh, B, D, G, and these were declared by the professor to be all that were necessary, with judicious opening and closing of the rubber lips to produce all combinations of sounds known to the phonetic economy. The machine first gave a doleful, though expressive, rendering of the words "papa" and "mamma," suggestive of midnight vigils. These were rendered in various pitches, but all characterized by the dreary monotony usually extracted from the squeezed sides of a rubber lamb or elephant. The harsh "r" and the gutteral "ch" were almost the only sounds that responded with any thing like spontaneity to the fingering of the key-board. Very few of the numerals from one to ten could have been recognized but for the professor's dictation, and a choice selection of pet female names met with hardly a better fate. "Mariana," "Carolina," "Eliza" were ground out with some show of recognizability. By no means the least appreciated and certainly the most reciprocated words were those spoken by the machine in farewell,

"I'm very tired. Thank you, gentlemen. Adieu."

WAGES IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

JOHN B. MACMASTER, in his "History of the United States," gives an interesting statement of the wages paid to workmen at the beginning of this century. It would be almost impossible to live on such wages now, but many things which we consider indispensable were not dreamed of by the simple people of that early day:

The condition of the wages-class of that day may well be examined; it is full of instruction for social agitators. In the great cities unskilled workmen were hired by the day, bought their own food, and found their own lodgings. But in the country, on the farms, or wherever a band was employed on some public work, they were fed and lodged by the employer, and given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid $6 a month from May to November, and $5 a month from November to May. Hod-carriers and mortar mixers, diggers and choppers, who, from 1793 to 1800, labored on the public buildings and cut the streets and avenues of Washington city, received $70 a year, or, if they wished, $60 for all the work they could perform from March 1 to December 20. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were three shillings, or, as money then went, 40 cents a day; at Lancaster, $8 to $10 a month; elsewhere in Pennsylvania workmen were content with $6 in summer and $5 in winter. At Fredericksburg the price of labor was from $5 to $7. In Virginia, white men employed by the year were given £16 currency; slaves when hired were clothed and their masters paid £1 a month. A pound Virginia money was in federal money $3 33. The average rate of wages the land over was, therefore, $65 a year, with food and perhaps lodging. Out of this small sum the workman must, with his wife's help, maintain his family.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THERE were to be "special meetings" in the Methodist Episcopal Church of ———. One might be tempted to think that the regular meetings of that church were enough to take up the time and excite the interest of the people in the congregation and community without instituting a series of "special" meetings. The church had two "classes" meeting at 9 o'clock every Sunday morning; preaching at 10:30 A. M.; Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.; young people's prayer-meeting at 6:30, and preaching again at 7:30 P. M. On Monday night there was an "official meeting;" Tuesday night, three "class-meetings;" Wednesday night, general prayer-meeting; Thursday night, two "class-meetings; Friday night, two cottage prayer-meetings and young people's prayer-meeting; and on Saturday night, choir practice. One may be excused for thinking that the "regular meetings are enough." So thought and so said Herbert S. Topatome, a young fellow of good family in the Methodist Episcopal Church of ———, in the —— District of the ——— Annual Conference.

HERBERT heard the minister announce the "special" meetings one pleasant Sunday morning in May, and being of a mathematical turn of mind Herbert at the dinner-table counted the services of the week in their church. The result was as follows, beginning with the two classes on Sunday morning and closing with the choir-meeting on Saturday evening: Two, plus one, plus one, plus one, plus one, equal six services for Sabbath. For the week-days one, plus three, plus one, plus two, plus three, plus one, equal eleven. Six Sunday, plus eleven week-day services, equal seventeen church services a week. Multiply seventeen by fifty-two and the result is eight hundred and eighty-four religious services in a year. "What is the use," asked our young Methodist Episcopal mathematician, "for *special* meetings?" Father Topatome was pleased with his son's wisdom, and smiled because he saw in it wit as well as wisdom, and added, "If in the seventy-five families of our church there were family prayer only once every day it would make twenty-seven thousand and three hundred prayers a year in addition to the regular eight hundred and eighty-four services of the church, making a total of twenty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-four 'regular' services in one year." Then he smiled a self-complacent smile at Herbert and said, "I don't see, my son, any use for special services." And both Herbert and his father took a swallow of good, strong, after-dinner coffee and winked at each other. It is so witty to be wise!

HATTIE, the oldest girl of the Topatome household, only thirteen years of age, was as bright as Herbert, as good a mathematician, and a better Methodist. She listened in the morning with solemn attention to the sermon, and with gratitude to the minister's announcement of the special services. At dinner she heard with a wounded heart the heartless and frivolous criticisms and calculations of Herbert and her father. She was silent for a few moments, and as the worldly-minded pair laughed at the "special meetings," and "revivals," and "evangelists," she collected her thoughts, lifted her heart to Heaven for a breath of help, and then asked Herbert how many of the seventeen regular services he had attended that week. By her assistance Herbert counted—*two*. "And you, father?" asked Hattie. After a bit of raillery and evasion he, by her aid and yielding to her pressure, said, "One—I was at church Sunday morning." "Father," continued the ardent and loyal girl, "if the seventy-five families of our church had family prayer just as often as we did last week, how many family prayer services were there out of the possible five hundred and twenty-five? And if last week's family devotions in our house be the standard in our church for the year, how many family prayers would there be this year out of the estimated twenty-seven thousand three hundred?" Now, last week there was no family prayer in the Topatome house. And although Mr. Topatome's father did have family prayer regularly, and although Topatome himself believed in it and did once in a while—more rarely than he knew—have Sunday morning family worship, the whole company at the table, when crowded by Hattie to tell when they had kneeled in prayer at the family altar, were compelled to acknowledge that it had been weeks and months since the family Bible had been brought out and used in a devotional service of any kind. Herbert wanted to "talk about something else," and his father thought that "if the church would attend to its regular duties we should not need special services," and suggested that he "must take a Sunday afternoon nap." But Hattie was not to be silenced, and as she inherited no small measure of her father's force, she insisted upon saying her say. And this is substantially what she said:

"THE church has regular services. Herbert and you say that in one week there are seventeen of them, or eight hundred and eighty-four a year. In the seventy-five homes of our church there may be twenty-seven thousand three hundred family prayers a year, making a grand total of twenty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-four. That sounds large, and to say it seems wise, and from the way Herbert smiles over it I think he considers it wondrous witty; but I consider it both weak and wicked. Forgive me, father, but you tell me to be 'a true and simple-hearted girl,' and dear old grandfather, who always had family prayer, told me before he died that 'piety was the best ornament a woman could wear,' and dear dead mother told me to 'stand true to the Church and to the Lord Jesus who is its Head and Life.' Therefore you must hear me. Herbert, according to your own arithmetic, attends two and you one out of the possible seventeen services a week. And as to family prayer you made a sad mistake in referring to it, for if other members are like the Topatomes there is next to no family prayer in the church. See where your arithmetic puts you: In the —— church twenty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-four possible regular services a year. S. Topatome attends fifty-two of them. The difference between fifty-two and twenty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-four is just twenty-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-two."

THEN Aunt Sarah, who is very amiable, and as wise as she is amiable, said, "We hold 'special' meetings to awaken the church to the value of the 'regular' meetings, and to promote regular religious service in the church and the family. Until the 'regular' services are appreciated and observed the 'special' will be necessary. I think the mathematical arguments of the dinner-table are as twenty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-four to fifty-two, or as five hundred and forty-one to one in favor of special meetings." And here the company broke up. But this was not the end.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for June 13, 1886. JESUS THE CHRIST.—John 7. 37–52.
GOLDEN TEXT.—Matt. 16. 16.

PREFATORY. Again in the South; in Jerusalem and in the temple. People wondered whether or not the Lord would come to the feast. Even his disciples supposed that he would not. But he came; came under the pressure of his divine destiny; came through the fullness of the divine love; came with words and deeds of authority; came into the presence of enemies who would rejoice to see him dead; came to the comforting and strengthening of friends and followers who had found in him their very life.

INTERROGATORY. What feast? Where held? In what commemoration? What strange figure did he employ? What great truth did he thus convey? State the different opinions of the people concerning him. What officers came after him? To whom did they return? What tribute did they pay to his power? State the argument of Nicodemus? How does the small and contemptible spirit of the Pharisees and chief prjests appear in this lesson?

HOMILY. No feast is a feast where Christ may not come. With him and the "living water" of his truth and wisdom one has a feast fit for kings, even though he feed his body on dry bread. It was a great day for Jerusalem and for the holy temple when Jesus the long-expected one "stood and cried" to the people. Toward this time had all the sacrifices and priestly ministries of the temple, and all the prophecies of the nation, pointed. Every holy thing and every holy service of the temple had hinted at the coming of this time when Christ should enter his temple. But, alas! the priests and the people spend their strength on the sign and do not discover the Reality when he comes. He is there—the supreme object of centuries of song and prayer and hope—and he is not known.

The members of the Sanhedrin were troubled. They sent officers to arrest Jesus. The officers were not able to do it. There was a sweet and captivating power in his looks and words which unmanned them. They felt his mastery. Perhaps they tried to induce each other to make the attempt. But no one would lead. He subdued them by his voice and by the "virtue" that went out of him and by the self-convincing power of the truth he spoke. They said to their superiors, "Never man spake like this man." It was a triumph of eloquence. Nicodemus had already been won by the same matchless influence, and here he is to speak for justice to the accused.

How inexpressibly small and prejudiced was this body of Jewish rulers! See the two answers they gave to the officers and to Nicodemus. What an argument in the first!—"Have any of the rulers," etc. As though with them and the class they represented dwelt all wisdom! As if people should bind their opinions to the words of "influential" men! As though because a man was born in Galilee he could not be a prophet of God! Had their Scriptures indeed said, "No prophet shall arise in Galilee?"

Reader let me commend to you the wisdom of him who surrenders himself to Truth, as above the opinions and traditions and false interpretations of men. Hold yourself free to be led into Truth. Struggle against prejudice, bigotry, and hate. Open your heart-temples to welcome the Lord.

PRAYER. O Thou who givest Thy Spirit to them that believe, and who causest "living water" of influence to flow "from within" those who receive the Holy Ghost: Give us Thy Spirit; satisfy us with Thyself; hold us by the mighty power of Thine own words, and teach us to say in Spirit and in Truth, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Amen.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That manual training should form part of the public-school course.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 1.—The years which are devoted to attendance upon the public schools are also the years in which the youth whose parents are not wealthy must prepare for his own support. If the school course is wholly given up to the system which teaches book knowledge only, many must leave school early in order to learn the trade upon which they are to depend for their living. If instruction in the common English branches could be given at the same time with lessons in the use of tools, the school system would succeed in bringing down two birds, whereas at present it misses both. G. C. C.

No. 2.—The object of public schools is to make better citizens. To accomplish this purpose there is no need of filling up children with the facts of physical geography, geology, etc. These fancy studies are very well in their place, but their place is not in the heads of the working masses who must learn them at the expense of time which might be employed with more profit. Let us have thorough training in the elementary principles of an English education, and let the time saved from useless studies be occupied with instruction in the use of the drawing-pencil, the hand-saw, and the plane. C. P. S.

No. 3.—The children of the wealthy may be left out of the account in this matter; they have the time and money to go to private schools and colleges. But poor children have but a few years at the best for schooling. They must be at work. It is nonsense to teach such children lessons which they will never use. Rather show them how to run a lathe, to make designs for the loom, to sew and embroider. By a judicious division of time these valuable accomplishments may be acquired together with the absolutely needful English branches. Such instruction ought to be furnished in every large city. T. C. C.

No. 4.—The public schools give too much theoretical knowledge. The charge is justly made that they cram the minds of the young with a large amount of facts which will soon be forgotten, and which overtax the children. The substitution of manual training for a part of this mental process would develop the mind from another side, and would moreover react to make the intellectual portion of the school-work less irksome. Even if the new exercises do not approach the dignity of technical instruction, they will benefit the school. The drawing and sewing lessons which are now given in some schools are examples of such successful innovations. C. B. A.

Affirmative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before June 5; negative before June 12 or June 19*, 1886.

THE debate upon the question, "*Resolved*, That boycotting is justifiable," has been decided in favor of the negative. The editor's opinions upon the subject were given in OUR YOUTH, Vol. I, No. 23, page 362.

OFFICIAL INVITATION.

ALL readers of OUR YOUTH are cordially invited to participate in the exercises of the Children's Day, June 13, 1886.

A beautiful programme for the occasion has been prepared in which spaces are allotted for addresses and recitations for many of you.

For a condensed statement of the objects of the day, see Editor's Note-Book, page 365, in the issue of this paper for May 8.

If any of you desire to know more about the educational system and enterprises of our Church, apply through your pastors, at 805 Broadway, New York, to BISHOP HARRIS, *President*, or REV. D. P. KIDDER, *Corresponding Secretary*, of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

EVERY now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions.—*O. W. Holmes.*

THERE is no end to the sky,
And the stars are every-where,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.
—*Henry Burton.*

TRUTH does not require your painting, brother; it is itself beauty. Unfold it, and men will be captivated. Take your brush to set off the rainbow, or give a new tinge of splendor to the setting sun, but keep it away from the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."—*David Thomas.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

With the new volume of Our Youth we present a brief outline of the aim and methods of The Oxford League:

1. *The Oxford League* was recognized and approved at Baltimore, Md., in December, 1884, by the "Centenary Conference," and adopted by the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church December 17, 1884.

2. The *League* aims to promote, especially among the young people of our Church, a more fervent, intelligent, and practical piety, that (like the early Methodists who at Oxford, England, in 1729, devoted themselves to Bible study, the pursuit of personal holiness, the exercise of practical philanthropy, and the attainment of personal culture) the young people of the Methodist Episcopal Church may grow in grace, in biblical and general knowledge, and in usefulness.

3. Two grades of reading have already been appointed. The list will be sent to any one on application. The books are inexpensive. A tract collection in any Methodist Episcopal Church will easily cover the cost. Four or five persons may use a single set. There are no examinations and no membership fees. The reading is for the most part in small tractlets, and may be finished in a short time. (See third column on page 15 of the present number of Our Youth.)

4. Other courses of reading will be added to the two above indicated. The work of the "Lyceum Reading Union" may be added to the Oxford League courses if desired.

5. The *League* does not propose to require many meetings in addition to those already held by the Church. It is designed to increase the attendance of its members upon the regular prayer and other meetings.

6. Members are expected to attend a service known as the "ante-communion service," which, according to the order of the League, "shall be held each quarter before, and, when practicable, within eight days of, the public administration of the Lord's Supper in the Church with which the League is connected." This service is designed "to place greater emphasis upon this divine sacrament, to exalt the doctrine which it represents, and to increase the reverence, devotion, and spiritual strength and comfort of youthful believers."

7. Besides these four *Regular* meetings each year, four *Special* meetings may be held, the objects of which are fully stated in the "Oxford League Circular," which will be sent to any one applying by postal-card or otherwise to J. H. Vincent, 805 Broadway, New York.

8. After persons have read the first and second courses, they may, if they so desire, "organize a "chapter" of the Oxford League with a charter from the "Board of Control" appointed by the Bishops.

9. We shall publish next week the first of a series of "Oxford League Services." The first will be "The Ante-Communion Service." Copies will be issued in tract form for use by Leagues and by congregations.

10. This column is devoted to the interests of the League, and will contain, as it has previously contained, reports of new chapters, and of chapter work; suggestions for activity and usefulness; with programmes and outlines of services. Reports will be promptly published if sent to the editor or to Our Youth, Plainfield, New Jersey.

11. For all information concerning "The Oxford League," of which society Our Youth is the organ, address Dr. J. H. Vincent, 805 Broadway, New York.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

The Journalist, Number 3.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following announcement for Number 3 of The Journalist, which will appear July 3, 1886. It will be an "Independence Day" issue:

1. The contributors for this number must *not be over twenty* years of age.

2. All contributions must reach Our Youth, Plainfield, N. J., on or before June 26, 1886.

3. Contributors are particularly requested to write with ink, on only one side of the paper, and to give their name and address, which will not be used unless desired.

4. Rejected contributions will not be returned unless stamps are provided for the purpose.

The departments, word limits, and premiums for The Journalist, Vol. 1, No. 3, are as follows:

Editorial. On the value of holidays and celebrations like the Fourth of July as a means of preserving national history, and fostering a spirit of patriotism. 250 words. Prize, Binder for Our Youth.

Poem. Sixteen lines on some subject related to the great national holiday. Prize, 12mo book.

Story. A bright, vigorous story based on some Fourth of July experience. 400 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Article. "What Young People Call a Good Story." 250 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Illustrated Article. On any subject, with accompanying original sketch. The drawing must be at least four inches in its shortest dimension, and made with *India-ink* on stiff, white bristol-board. It must be sent flat or rolled, not folded. No pencil drawings can be reproduced. The article must not be more than 200 words long. Prize, 12mo story book. (*Contributions are solicited for this department in particular.*)

Book Review. A thoughtful, and carefully written review of any one of the following books: Miss Alcott's "Little Women," Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Robinson Crusoe." 200 words. Prize, 12mo book.

Industrial Article. Description of a visit to some manufactory. 250 words. Prize, 12mo book.

Humorous Items. Under the name of "Fire-works," new and original paragraphs. They should be entirely original, if possible, but when borrowed credit should be given to the source from which they are taken. 150 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Political Economy—Introductory.

We mentioned last week the fact that many comparatively simple sciences had acquired names so forbidding that young people were with difficulty induced to draw near and investigate for themselves. Political economy is usually included among these educational bugaboos, and the object of this series of papers is to show the monster in its true light.

Economy comes from two Greek words which mean "household management." It is not difficult to trace the change of meaning by which economy has become synonymous with careful and wise management of property and other valuable things, how it has come to mean "saving." Wise household management implies order and law. Let Bridget drive the carriage, and Pat wash the china, while Mary works in the garden, and Donald makes the beds in which flowers are not planted. It will not take more than one runaway, and a dozen broken cups, will it, to prove that economy—household law—is really a means of saving? Economy, then—half the hard name—has been disposed of, we trust, satisfactorily.

Political is also of Greek origin, being derived from the word "city." Hence it describes a thing as belonging to a community of men.

Political economy may be defined, as far as derivation goes, as "housekeeping of a community," or better still, extending the word political to include the whole human race, "world-wide housekeeping." The household is the world in miniature.

So much for the general meaning of the name. It is hard to give an accurate definition of any science at the outset. The subject unfolds as we advance and the proper place for definition is at the close. All that can be done well is to describe the subject matter with which the science has to do. Arithmetic is defined as the science of numbers. This is not strictly a definition, but simply a description. In the same way *Political Economy* is described as *the science which treats of the production, the distribution, and the exchange of wealth.*

For a clear understanding of this partial definition, we must determine just what we mean by *wealth.*

People speak of wealth as something in a great mass. A wealthy man is one who has accumulated large quantities of property. This is the popular use of the word, but to the political economist small things may be *wealth.* It is not easy to define wealth. We might enumerate all the things in the world which are included in *wealth,* and in a few years of progress this list would be very incomplete. Our only hope is to find some one distinguishing characteristic of *wealth.* Political economists differ as to definitions, but the following is, we think, safe and accurate:

Wealth is any material object which may be exchanged for something else.

We might say that any thing necessary or useful is wealth. Air and water are both, but they are seldom *wealth.* Pump air into a crowded building, as is done in many close, hot structures like the Capitol in Washington, and it becomes *wealth,* it may be exchanged for something.

Let a company make a reservoir and lead water in pipes to supply a city. The water under our definition has become wealth. People will give something in exchange for it.

Notice the words *material object.* By our definition education and ability are not *wealth,* because they are not material objects, though in a sense they may be exchanged. It is not well to deal with intangible things if we can help it, and later on we shall discuss the place of education, etc., in industrial and commercial life.

President Porter begins a chapter in his "Human Intellect," "Four things that the will is not."

We want you to bear in mind one thing that "Political Economy" is not. It is not the science of government. It deals with natural laws, not the laws of legislative bodies. The legislator should be familiar with the principles of political economy, and should refrain from making any laws which conflict with those principles.

We propose to tell each week a story which shall illustrate the lesson, and by this concrete treatment avoid dry and technical discussion. We shall introduce the same characters in our story from week to week, and if possible develop a little interest in their career. We are honest, however, and say frankly that the story is not a device to lull our readers into a feeling of security, and then take them unawares with a lesson. We do not propose to sugar-coat the unpleasant pills of information, but we tell the story simply to make the subject more clear, and to bring it home more closely to each. We shall take up the first general division of our subject, *Production,* next week, and treat its subdivisions in their proper order.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Yachts and Yachting.

We call the attention of our readers to the article on yachting which appears on page 419 of this number. The diagrams and accompanying explanations will enable a bright young fellow to talk intelligently about the rig of a yacht even if he does live a thousand miles from the sea-board. The excitement of last fall over the International Yacht Race has not yet been forgotten, and there promises to be yet greater interest in the attempt which England will make during the coming summer to wrest the America's Cup from its present possessors.

The English yacht *Galatea* is now on her way across the Atlantic to test the speed of our American sloops. The representative of American yachts is to be selected from four sloops: the *Puritan*, the winner of last year's race; the *Priscilla*, a steel sloop built at Wilmington, Del.; the *Atlantic*, owned in New York; and the *Mayflower*, owned in Boston. The last two yachts are new, and the *Mayflower* is designed by the same man who built the successful *Puritan*.

These four boats will enter preliminary races, and the one which makes the best record will be matched against the common enemy—the *Galatea*.

As the English yacht is a cutter, and the American a sloop, the race will be a contest, not only between nations, but between types. Read carefully these articles which describe the difference in rig and model, between the cutter and the sloop, and next summer when the papers are talking about "centerboards," "bowsprits," "gaffs," "booms," "sheets," "club-topsails," and "spinnakers," you will not be completely in the dark. If you will give the matter a little study we are sure you will find it fascinating.

The Origin of Tennis.

Although the game of tennis dates back to an early period in English history, the present form of the game is of comparatively recent origin. The "Pall Mall Gazette" gives the following account of the first game played in England:

How few lawn-tennis players know who originated the game, and where the first game was played! This excellent pastime has now been in existence for ten years, and it has probably been a greater source of amusement than any thing of the kind ever invented. The originator and inventor was Major Walter Wingfield, of her Majesty's Body-guard, who, in 1874, wrote a little book, compiled a set of rules, and coined the outlandish name "Sphairistike." The first game ever played was in 1874, at Col. Naylor Leyland's house in Denbighshire. The first public game ever played in this country was at Prince's Ground, in the summer of 1875, the players being Major Wingfield, Mr. Clement Scott, Captain Alfred Thompson, and Mr. Albany Erskine. It was openly jeered at by a crowd of racket and cricket celebrities, who did their utmost to ridicule the game in every way. But in less than one month two courts were taken at Prince's for every hour in the day, and the racket players and cricketers had to "sing small."

Very little material alteration has been made in the game since Major Wingfield invented it. The "hour-glass" shaped court has been exchanged for a square one, the system of counting has been altered, decidedly not for the better; but the size of the court and height of the net are exactly the same now as they were ten years ago. Had Major Wingfield taken the offer made by the trade of five shillings a box, he would have netted something like £50,000 a year for the last five or six years. As it is, he has received nothing for his "happy thought," except a gold watch and chain subscribed by the public a few years ago, in response to an appeal made by the editor of the "Daily Telegraph."

The Magic Hats.

Though the following trick cannot exactly be designated a game, it may be performed by one of the company with great success during an interval of rest from playing. The performer begins by placing his own hat, along with another which he has borrowed, on the table, crown upward. He then requests that the sugar-basin may be produced, from which, on its arrival, a lump is selected and given to him. Taking it in his fingers he promises, by some wonderful process, that he will swallow the sugar, and then, within a very short time, will let its position be under one of the two hats on the table, the company may decide which hat it shall be. It is generally suspected that a second lump of sugar will be taken from the basin, if it can be done without observation, consequently all eyes are fixed upon it. Instead of that, after swallowing the sugar, the performer places the selected hat upon his own head, thus, of course, fulfilling his undertaking.

A good game for odd occasions, such as railroad delays, picnics, or hot summer evenings is "Throwing Light." Somebody thinks of a word having two or three meanings, and begins to describe it, using all of the meanings in his description, and trying to make it as contradictory as possible. No one is allowed to ask any questions, but as soon as any one else thinks he knows the word, he may take up the description and throw light until in this way all have guessed the word.

Palate, palette, pallet; lock, loch; sole, soul; trunk, chest, etc., are good words to use.

Base-Ball.

Answers.

No. 3. Page 397, No. 25. If three men were on base, and batter hits to short-stop, the best play would be for short-stop to throw the ball to home base. Fred Cutter.

No. 4. If there are two men out, the runner should try to get home—not waiting to see whether the fly is held. In any other case he should play off judiciously, not so far that he cannot get back if the fly is held, yet far enough to enable him to get home quickly if it is dropped. If the fly is a very long one, it may be well for him to stick to his base till it is caught, and then trust to his legs to win in a race with the ball to the home-plate. Tom Dewitt.

No. 5. Not to get rattled, but to stay in his position until the ball is again in play by being in his hands. James S. Hutton.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Preserve the index and title-page which accompany this number of Our Youth. Have these bound with the numbers of the first half-yearly volume.

"No!" It looks like a little thing at the head of a story; it means much at the beginning of a career.

The time is coming when the telephone will enable friends who are separated by the ocean to hold daily conversations with each other. Missionaries will have telephonic connections with relatives at home. "There shall be no more sea."

Ulster is likely to be too much for Gladstone.

Our correspondent, Mr. W. H. Gilder, is bound for the north pole. Our Youth wants to go along to find Dr. Warren's "Paradise," and to prepare an early edition of The Journalist for the polar populations.

Patagonia would be a pleasant summer resort for those people who think that "Christian civilization is not worth much;" that "man left to himself will develop into mental, social, and moral worth;" and that "the world does not owe much to the Church." Patagonia has had a fine chance to prove the value of such theories.

Good-ee plac-ee in New York-ee for Ya-nee: Sing Sing.

Even the Roman Catholics are to be represented in the Church Congress in Cleveland. To what end? To help the Gospel? To promote the unity of believers? No, of course not; but to make their usual Jesuitical plea for money to run their own schools, and prevent the increase of independent, intelligent, useful American citizens.

The North Atlantic is full of field-ice this season. Slow up, good captains; keep a careful lookout; remember that the drifts from the Arctic may be too much for the hulks from the Clyde. Remember the anxious hearts on both sides of the sea, and look aloft to the God of the sea.

It is seldom the case that they who are wise in their own conceit endure humbly to be governed by others.

Better it is to have a small portion of good sense, with humility and a slender understanding, than great treasures of science with vain self-complacency.

Better it is for thee to have little, than much of that which may make thee proud.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

The Church Congress and the Knights of Labor in convention in the same city at the same time! Will they learn lessons of one another?

Yale has a new president, who springs from a family of presidents. Timothy Dwight, the new executive, is a grandson of the famous Timothy Dwight, who helped make Yale in the beginning of the century, and a near kinsman of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, who sat in the president's chair for the third quarter of the century. All are descendants of Jonathan Edwards. Will blood tell?

A missionary and his wife murdered on the west coast of Africa! The blessed company of the saints and martyrs is greater by two noble lives.

Mr. Trumbull, who is writing letters to Our Youth from South America, is the principal of a Spanish school in Chili, and his interesting experiences in that position are to be given to our readers.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the way-side,
While the sun shines making hay;
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.—*Selected.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Servia.

(Area, 18,800 sq. miles; population, 1,865,683; ruler, King Milan I.)

SERVIA is one of the states which have grown out of the European Empire of Turkey within the present century. To the northward across the Save and the Danube lies the powerful military empire of Austro-Hungary. Along the western border stretches Bosnia, the Turkish province which the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878, placed under Austro-Hungarian authority for safe-keeping. On the east is independent Roumania, and Bulgaria, still attached by a fragile bond to the Ottoman Empire. The remnant of European Turkey lies to the south. Servia is a mountainous and wooded country. Although agriculture is the principal employment of its people, but a small proportion of the soil is under cultivation. Cattle, swine, and grain form the bulk of the export trade, which is carried on in steamers on the Danube. The land is held in small farms, and the people, impoverished by centuries of oppression, have been unable to apply the best instruments and methods to their agriculture. There are few large towns. Belgrade, the capital, has a population of 36,177. A few thousand Turks are mixed with the people, who are mostly Serbs—a Slavic nationality several millions in number living in Hungary and European Turkey. The national religion is that of the Greek Church. There is a single university and several hundred common schools. The government is a limited monarchy, vested in a king, a council of ministers, and a national assembly. The constitution dates from 1869.

Servia has known many changes. As a part of Illyricum it was included in the Roman Empire about the commencement of our era. But its position exposed it to barbarian incursions, and the Ostrogoths occupied this region by the close of the fifth century. A little later, however, this territory became a part of the Eastern Empire, which had its seat at Constantinople. The Avars living to the north of the Danube threatened this district, and in order to protect it the emperor called in the Serbs from the north-east. These warriors came in a body, and after performing the work which was expected of them settled in the country, where they were converted to Christianity in the ninth century, and where they waged long wars on the kings of Bulgaria—the enemies of their masters at Constantinople. In 1043 the weak authority of the imperial governors was thrown off and Servia became an independent kingdom.

This position was maintained for several centuries, and the power of the Servian kings extended over nearly the whole of the Balkan peninsula. This great territory was won from the failing Eastern Empire, and was lost again to the Turks, who, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, poured into Europe, and finally reduced the Servians to miserable subjection in 1459. The country, now the frontier between the Turks and western Europe, was the field of frequent battles. It was also misgoverned and plundered by Turkish governors until, in 1801, the people rose for their liberty. Russia helped them; but after a brief success they were abandoned to worse treatment than they had ever before received. The people took up arms again and succeeded in winning a large measure of liberty. They chose their own rulers, and conducted their domestic affairs without help or hinderance from Turkey. In 1876 they declared war against Turkey in aid of their oppressed neighbors, but were speedily and thoroughly beaten, and did not reappear in the conflict till the interference of Russia showed how the struggle would terminate. The Berlin Treaty (1878) assured Servian independence. In the autumn of 1885 jealousy of Bulgaria led the Servians to declare war on that country, and the brief campaign that followed resulted in the rout of their army. Austria saved them from the consequences of their temerity, and it is generally admitted that Servia is now governed in the interest of her powerful northern neighbor.

The Proceedings of Congress.

THE fifth month of the Congressional session has been no more fruitful than its predecessors. The House has diminished the number of the appropriation bills awaiting action by passing the River and Harbor Bill in the face of a very general protest. The bill provides for the expenditure of over $15,000,000, one third of which goes to the improvement of the Mississippi and its two main tributaries, the Ohio and Missouri. The Post Office Appropriation Bill passed both Houses, but the Senate added a clause distributing $800,000 among American steam-ship lines for carrying the mails. The Lower House refused to agree to this change, and a conference committee is endeavoring to settle the point. The Inter-State Commerce Bill which passed the Senate May 12 provides for the appointment of a commission with authority to inquire into the business and management of common carriers (railroad and steam-boat companies), and in a general way regulates the charges which may be made for freight and passenger traffic. Neither House shows any hesitancy about passing any pension bill that is presented. On May 19 the Senate voted the General Pension measure, which gives a pension to all members of the Union army who served for at least three months and who are now disabled and dependent upon their own exertions for support. Dependent relatives of soldiers who died from injuries received as the result of their service are also included in the ample terms of this act, which may cost fifty million dollars a year for ten years. Both Houses have agreed to a Temperance measure, which provides that scientific instruction in the effects of intemperance shall be given in all schools which are under the direct authority of Congress, namely, the military and naval academies, and the schools of the Territories and of the District of Columbia. In itself this act is of minor importance, but it is hailed with applause as the first favorable piece of legislation on this subject since the war. The two Houses have shown marked activity in the passage of hundreds of private pension bills, each granting compensation to individuals who for one reason or another were excluded from the general pension acts. It is reported that the Senate passed as many as four hundred of these bills at a single sitting, voting on them as fast as the clerk could read the titles. This haste led to carelessness, and the President has returned several of these carelessly drawn measures without his signature. In some cases research in the army rolls failed to disclose the name which appeared in the bill, and in other cases the person mentioned was already pensioned, and so on. The President accompanied these vetoes with an admonition to greater care in such matters. The news of the seizures of New England fishing vessels by Canadian cruisers led Senator Frye of Maine to introduce a resolution urging our government to adopt similar measures against Canadian vessels. This motion passed the Senate, but is meeting with opposition in the House. A bill proposing to tax imitation butter (oleomargarine) has been the subject of long debates in the House. On the eleventh of May it was announced that of the ten thousand bills which have been presented to Congress at the present session only three hundred and five had passed both Houses. But one of the annual appropriation bills has become a law, and many of the most important matters still remain untouched.

Pronunciation.

Bäl-kän.
Bel'grade'.
Ber-lin'.
Bos'ni-a (Boz'-).
Bul-gā'ria (Bool-).
Dan'ūbe.
Hun'ga-ry (Hung'ga-)
Il-lyr'i-cum.
Ost'rō-goths.
Rou-mā'ni-a.
Rūs'sia.
Sāve.
Ser'vi-a.
Slāv'ic.
Von Ran'ke (Fon Ran'keh)

A Brief Survey.

SAMUEL P. ANDREWS, once famous as an abolitionist, died in New York May 22, at the age of seventy-four.——Most of the pork-packers in Chicago who adopted the eight-hour system have found the new plan a failure and are returning to the ten-hour day.——Clerk Wilbur of the United States Patent Office has declared under oath that for a bribe of $100 he showed the Gray telephone claim to Bell, thus furnishing that gentleman valuable points for his own invention. Bell denies the story.——It is again reported that the troops under General Miles have nearly overtaken the Indians of Geronimo's band. A reward of $50 has been offered for each captured Apache, and a bounty of $2,000 is placed upon Geronimo alive or dead.——A fire in Chicago May 26 caused a loss of $1,000,000.——The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Springfield, Mass., was observed with appropriate ceremony May 25–27.——The speakers in the Chicago anarchist meeting of May 4, in which the bomb was thrown, have been indicted for murder.——Erastus Wentworth, D.D., formerly a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China and afterward editor of the "Ladies' Repository," died May 25.

The infant king of Spain was christened at Madrid May 22. In spite of superstitious protests he was named after his father, and his royal title will therefore be Alfonso XIII. Don Carlos has refused to recognize the young king's claims to the throne.——Fighting took place between the opposing armies on the Greek-Turkish frontier May 21–23. Several strongholds were taken and recaptured and the Greek commander was mortally wounded. The excitement in Athens was intense, but the cabinet, of which M. Tricoupis is now the chief, is determined upon peace. In accordance with the instructions of the government a truce was arranged and the disbandment of the Greek army was begun. The Greek naval reserves also have been sent home.——President Vidal, of Uruguay, South America, has resigned, and his place has been filled by the vice-president, Gen. Maximo Santos.——The German imperial Parliament adjourned *sine die* May 25.——The French Cabinet, May 25, decided upon the expulsion of the French princes, and a bill is to be brought before the assembly to carry out this decision.——Toronto, Canada, was the scene of a riot May 25. Strikers wrecked forty street-cars, but no one was seriously injured.——German military officers now studying in France have been ordered to study henceforth in Switzerland.——The French exposition project is energetically pushed. The exhibition will take place at Paris in 1889 and will commemorate the centennial of the revolution of 1789.——It is announced that all British garrisons on the Nile south of Cairo are to be withdrawn. This leaves the defense of the greater part of Egypt to the Turkish authorities.——Word comes that Thomas Stevens, the bicyclist who was stopped on his trip around the world and turned back by the Russian officials in Central Asia, will attempt to make his way through British India.——In an address to the emperor of Russia, May 26, the governor of Moscow says, "the hope gains wings, and Moscow thinks and steadfastly hopes, that Christ's cross will soon shine from St. Sophia," meaning that the Russians would soon take Constantinople.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Two tricyclers chanced to halt by the roadside for a brief rest just as a group of Irish laborers were passing on their way home from work. Attracted by the bright new machines, two of the men paused a moment to look at them.

"If you only had a tricycle, Pat," said one of the 'cyclers to the nearer of the men, "you could ride to and from your employment."

"Ride, is it ye say, thin?" said Pat, with a contemptuous look at the combination of man and wheels. "Do ye think I cam' from the ould counthry to drive a donkey-caart, bedad, and be me own horrse?"—*Boston Record.*

—Hostess (Sunday morning in Washington)—"Is there any particular minister you would like to hear preach, Penelope?"

Penelope (visiting from Boston)—"Well, if you don't mind, auntie, I think I would like to hear one of the foreign ministers. I am quite proficient in languages, you know."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Some one boldly asserts that the American hen is not doing her duty. You wouldn't have us believe that her son is setting, would you ?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Professor—"Mr. B., can you tell me with what faculty we could most easily dispense?"

Student—"Yes, sir."

Professor—"Good! Now speak up loud; what is it?"

Student (soberly)—"The college faculty."—*Roxbury Advocate.*

—"Is that the Rebel yell?" asked an Ohioan in front of the Kimball House.

"No," replied a courteous colonel. "It's only an ice-cream man."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—A few days ago a number of Italians went into the Rondout post-office and asked for letters. One was handed an epistle, on which was due ten cents postage. Yesterday morning the same man handed one of the clerks ten cents and said, "Tenna centa. Wanta another lettee."—*Kingston Freeman.*

—Snob-snubbing—"A—I think you know the Tetterbys. Are they—a—quite the sort of people one can ask to one's house, don'tcherknow?"

"O, certainly, if you wish to. Whether they'll come or not is another question!"—*Punch.*

—Street-car Philosophy.—Calm conductor—"Can't take that quarter, sir!"

Indignant passenger—"I'd like to know why not!"

C. C.—"It's too smooth."

I. P.—"Well! That's cool! You gave me that very quarter on this car this morning. I took it from you in change."

"Well, you see, we are more particular than you are."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

—The Rev. Mr. B——, of Oregon, has two little boys, Matthew and Johnny, who have been duly instructed as to the exceeding wickedness of swearing. But the seed seems to have fallen on stony ground, for, as their father was getting an armful of wood, he overheard on the other side of the woodpile the following conversation: "O Johnny," said Matthew, in a coaxing but somewhat awe-struck tone, "less swear." "Less!" cried little Johnny, courageously. There was a pause, during which Matthew seemed to be considering how to do it. Then he called out in furious accents, "I swear." "Tho do I," piped Johnny.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A young boy who recently left his St. Paul home to attend a preparatory school is not much taken with the change. He is suffering his first case of homesickness, and naturally desires to return to his home. In making known his desires to his father in a recent letter he said: "Dear father: Life is very short: let us spend it together. Your affectionate son."—*St. Paul Globe.*

—A cute little girl of three is the delight of a Washington boulevard family for her prettiness as well as for the bright and odd things she says. The other day a company of militia passed down the street in front of her home and her minute black-and-tan barked furiously through the window-pane at them. The little girl arose in alarm and said, "Shut the door, mamma! Fido will bite the army."—*Chicago News.*

—That $18,000 vase was not so expensive after all, when you consider how much the little brown jug has cost this country.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

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